

Title: The Song Of The Dove

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There once was a very rich king who was loved by his subject and his people more than one could believe. His name was King Claudius. After his wife, Queen Elenor passed away, Claudius was

gloomy and he never came out of his chambers. They said that anyone who could cheer the poor king up would be rewarded. Nobody who came in could do the job. That was, until one day when King Claudius was on his death bed. A young man by the name of Richard claimed he could. Nobody believed that he could, but they were desperate to save the poor depressed king. Richard walked into the chambers with a beautiful white dove. Young Richard said, "As long as you don't make the bird sing too much, this dove will sing for you forever. All you have to do, is say "Sing to me, pretty bird." and she will sing for you. Do not ask her to sing too often, or the poor bird will die and you will never hear the beautiful tune again as long as you live. Richard asked the bird to sing, and sing it did. King Claudius became happy again. He loved the sweet sound of the bird's call, and would ask it to sing

once a day. One day, since he grew bored on the throne, he asked the bird to sing. The bird wouldn't sing.

"Sing you foul creature!" he yelled, but still the bird wouldn't sing. "Sing now...or you'll be on the dinner table!" the old man cried. The bird just sat there. King Claudius choked the bird, and he fell to the ground, stiff and cold. The sweet song of the dove would never come again. Claudius asked people to sing for him, but it wasn't as pretty. He asked for a dove, but no dove would sing for him like the other dove would. No matter what the poor man did, he couldn't hear that sweet music.

When he felt all was lost, he heard the call of a dove again. The man was on his deathbed, worn with age and depression.

It was the dove. "Sing for me pretty bird!" he cried. She sang one more time, and as soon as the tune stopped, the man fell into a never ending slumber. His servant came in and saw nothing but a feather on the window sill and a smile on the dead man's face.